THE
NATION

SEPTEMBER 28, 1957 . . 25c

Little Rock: POWER SHOWDOWN

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by Robert McKay

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Epitaph for a Landmark

BY DAVID RAY

Chicago

THE ADMINISTRATION of Lawrence Kimpton, who succeeded Robert Hutchins as the University of Chicago's Chancellor, has been noted as conservative and property-minded. Extensive campaigns to erase the public image of the university as a hotbed of queers, communism and great books have helped to assure the public that it is a wealthy, right-minded institution. As a part of this project, major drives have been launched to protect the university's property from encroaching slum conditions. The university has continued to acquire land near its campus, and has made definite efforts to reduce the neighborhood's population and to restrict it to higher-income groups. Such efforts, which have been aided by the South East Chicago Commission, differ from those in other decayed parts of the city. This part of Chicago has not been demonstrated as requiring such extreme rebuilding as that proposed; it is by no means one of the city's most degenerate neighborhoods. Yet it has seen a flurry of condemnation and relocation.

Among other projects, the university's expansion program calls for construction of prodigious new dormitories and apartment buildings for students. This was no problem as long as the structures were put up on vacant lots or on condemned residential property the university had succeeded in acquiring. But recently the Chicago Theological Seminary, which is affiliated with the university, decided to build a new apartment building for married students on, of all places, the lot now occupied by the historically important Frank Lloyd Wright building, Robie House. The seminary plans to raze the house, although it owns other nearby and available sites. Even the South East Chicago Commission and the Hyde Park-Kenwood Committee, which share the university's desire to improve the area, have resented the seminary's re-zoning of the block to accommodate the proposed apartment building. The re-zoning makes the neighboring property less valuable—except to the Chicago Theological Seminary.

Robie House, built in 1909 as a private residence for a Chicago manufacturer of that name, still strikes many people as almost excessively modern—even in comparison with much contemporary architecture. As an example of Wright's early work, many feel that the university should help preserve it for posterity's students of art and architecture; they point out its significance as a precursor and as a source of imitation for later developments (e.g., much of the work of Mies Van Der Rohe). Historically, Robie House was exported as the American contribution to world architecture. "The Robie House is one of the monuments of our time," wrote a group of Hamburg professors, "That this monument should now give place to a barracks . . . !"

Wright himself, swinging his cane toward the wide balconies of Robie House, said, "It looks just as good as it ever did. To destroy it would surely never be permitted in Europe. It could only happen in America, and it is particularly sad that professional religionists should be the executioners."

ITS DEFENDERS also stress the cultural responsibility of the owners. "With its acquisition," said Ludwig Bachhofer, chairman of the university's art department, "the Chicago Theological Seminary assumed a responsibility to the cultural heritage of the nation. This work must be preserved for future generations, who would interpret its destruction as inexcusable vandalism." But the seminary's business manager simply answers blithely, "We are in business to educate ministers, not to support a national shrine." He also adds his layman's judgment of its artistic value: "It's not constructed properly . . . and it is badly designed." Whether a part of architectural history should be "proper" or "correct" threatened to invade the issue.

Despite such an opinion, an *Architectural Record* panel last February chose Robie House as one of the two most significant buildings of the past fifty years. Chicago architect Fred Keck has stated: "If the Robie House is torn down, the most important cultural landmark in the Midwest will be demolished." Alderman Leon Despres proposed a city ordinance to make funds available to preserve the building and ironically cited the fact that the architect who is to plan the demolition of the house and construction of the apartment building had once spoken up to defend the structure. Questioned, the architect had conveniently forgotten any such statements.

Students from the University of Chicago's art department yelled "Barbarism!" in letters to editors: "It would be unfortunate if the U. of C. were to be involved in such a cultural barbarism. What steps are the trustees, administration and Chicago Theological Seminary

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DAVID RAY, who teaches in Chicago, is the editor of the Chicago Review.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Desegregation, New Phase

Governor Faubus has unwittingly moved the desegregation issue into a new phase. Specifically, his ignoble *putsch* has had these effects:

1. Put Southern liberals on the spot in a new and painful manner. At no time in his career, for example, has the silent Senator J. William Fulbright had so many editorial fingers pointed directly at him, nor has he ever appeared in a less attractive light.

2. Sharpened the clash between segregationists and integrationists in a strategically important state. Former Governor Sidney McMath and Little Rock's Mayor W. W. Mann must now attempt to capture control of the Democratic Party in Arkansas. Should they succeed, they will emerge in control of the first Southern Democratic Party which has disavowed white supremacists.

3. Precipitated an open rebellion against federal authority in a state and setting in which the outcome cannot be in doubt. Better that the test came in Arkansas than in Mississippi or South Carolina; better, too, that it occurred in a setting in which the alleged need for state troops to maintain order can be so massively refuted.

4. Put Democratic "gradualists" and "moderationists" back on the griddle from which Senator Lyndon Johnson had sought, through enactment of the civil-rights bill, to rescue them. As *The New York Times* points out, Faubus has knotted "the civil-rights" albatross firmly around the neck of the entire Democratic Party."

5. Shocked and dismayed Southern conservative opinion (as we predicted it would in an editorial which appeared in the September 14 issue). The Nashville bombings, which came in its wake, caused extensive and costly damage to a valuable school property. The implications of such incidents do not need to be emphasized to Southern conservatives.

6. Undermined the position of the White Citizens Councils and other obstructionists. Both in Little Rock and Nashville, the reaction against these elements has been impressive.

7. Brought the challenge which was implicit in the Dixiecrat Manifesto of March 11, 1956, into the open. The Administration has no alternative now but to meet the challenge head on.

8. Finally, it has stiffened the national resolve that the Constitution be enforced throughout these United States. Where Northern opinion was once wavering or indifferent, it is so no longer. The photographs of Negro children being barred from tax-supported public schools by National Guardsmen and of Negro children being heckled and harassed by screaming crackpots and hoodlums, have had a tonic effect on national opinion. Once again the South has made the mistake of drawing its sword first; no longer will well-meaning citizens, North, South, East or West, be intimidated by the "federal troops and bayonets" argument.

All this is not to imply that we are grateful to Arkansas's Governor for his action; quite the contrary. But this is not the first time that a self-seeking demagogue has appealed to the "better angels of our nature" by overplaying his hand. Nor do we imply approval of the President's handling of the issue. Apparently the President felt compelled to grant Faubus an interview at the behest of Representative Brooks Hays, but a more fitting reply would have been to tell the Governor to comply with Judge Davies' order first. Nor is it, as we have pointed out before, that we advocate the use of "federal troops and bayonets." The use of force is implicit in any court order or decree; the only real issue is what kind of force, how much, when and where applied, by whom, and for what purpose. We have never thought that it would be necessary to use federal troops to secure compliance with the Court's order; nor do we think so now. The President has ample powers; faced with the kind of challenge that has arisen in Little Rock, his authority clear (see article on p. 188). But no more than any Chief Executive should the President say, as he has said, that he would *not* use federal troops, for it is quite apparent that he would use them —that he must use them—if other means fail. Nor are we impressed by what the President has said about morality and law; legislative power has been used not once but many times to change the *mores*. The "morality" of the desegregation issue was settled nearly a century ago; the terms of the settlement are embodied in the Fourteenth Amendment. No one expects the

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President, or Congress for that matter, to change the morals of the South; but the President cannot permit final decrees of the Supreme Court to be flouted without violating his oath of office.

Do We Need the National Guard?

The action of Governor Faubus in calling out the National Guard to defeat implementation of a federal court decree, raises a significant collateral question, namely, what is the function of the National Guard today? Reports from Washington quote "ranking Guard" officers as saying that they consider Governor Faubus' action as a "terrible misuse" of the Guard. The fact is, of course, that the "regulars" in the Pentagon despise the National Guard and acquiesce in its continued existence only because it commands measurable political support. But in an age of guided missiles, do we need it at all? If we do, should it not perhaps be re-trained as a kind of mass sanitation corps, useful in times of floods and other great natural disasters—as well as in the ultimate disaster of nuclear war?

Since 1930, the Guard has fought four wars against the United States: (1) in the 1930s, the Governor of Texas called out the Guard to frustrate the execution of an order of a federal administrative agency limiting oil production; (2) in 1934, the Governor of Arizona called out the Guard to stop a contractor who was building Parker Dam under contract with the national government; (3) in 1938, Governor Kraschel of Iowa mobilized the National Guard of his state to halt hearings of the National Labor Relations Board at the Maytag plant; and (4) in 1940, Governor Phillips of Oklahoma called out Guardsmen to halt construction of a federally-financed dam at Grand River.

The difficulty with the National Guard arises in part from the fact that Congress, impressed by the political support which the Guard can mobilize, has been willing to permit it to be used in peacetime as a kind of private constabulary, or political plaything, by irresponsible state executives. Isn't it time that Congress took a good, long, hard look at the National Guard as an institution?

Civil Defense Is Dead

Last February 9 we ran an article by Gene Marine entitled Our Stupid Civil Defense. The title and article were apt enough then, but as of a few weeks ago both became obsolete. The Soviet claim of having achieved a successful intercontinental missile has blown into limbo not only our present concept of civil defense, but the whole civil-defense idea.

The reasoning that writes *finis* to civil defense is neither lengthy nor complex. It would take about six hours for the fastest existing airplane of bomb-delivery size, using the Russian base nearest to us, to reach the American mainland. With so little warning, civil defense, based on wholesale evacuation or shelter-taking, may seem *fantastic*—we called it "stupid"—but given absolute cooperation by all and no major accidents, it would, in some areas at least, be physically *possible*.

An ICBM, however, launched from almost anywhere in Siberia to almost anywhere in America, should arrive in approximately thirty minutes. To make a civil-defense concept workable, we would have to spot the missiles (there would be more than one); estimate the targets (if we can't, what do we evacuate?); set in motion the whole involved apparatus of warning and, finally, accomplish the removal or protection of the populace in the target area—all in the space of thirty minutes.

Civil defense is dead, as of right now. And to all the people who have been worrying because the stumbling procedures of the Federal Civil Defense Authority left them uncertain and unprepared, the ICBM brings a paradoxical note of cheer: You don't have to worry any more.

They Didn't Want Experiments

Bonn

Chancellor Adenauer's victory in the West German elections must be ascribed to several factors.

For most voters, the Chancellor was Mr. Prosperity. In eight years, new homes have been built for about one-third of the population, who now eat well, dress well, and are so fully employed that the country is on the threshold of a labor shortage. Since 1950, average per capita consumption has increased five-fold. Already the world's third biggest steel producer and second largest shipbuilder, West Germany has made a spectacular comeback. *"Keine Experiment!"* cried Adenauer during the campaign. The voters solemnly agreed.

The Chancellor has transformed West Germany from a nation of untouchables to a member of the Union League club. He has helped his countrymen to achieve respectability as well as economic well-being. If the previous object of the German cult of personality supplied therapy for the *fuehrer* complex, the popular Herr Adenauer placates the Germans' grandfather complex.

But the Chancellor owes his success at the polls to more than his vivid authoritarian personality and the boom. He is also indebted to his Socialist opponents, who tossed overboard their program of the past seventy-five years. They dropped their demand for nationalization of the coal and steel industries. They approved private enterprise. In foreign policy they began by suggesting, if given governmental power, they would withdraw from NATO to compensate Russia for agreeing to German unification. When they discovered that this formula alarmed the Eisenhower Administration, they dropped it. They made their improbable exit from NATO contingent on the previous creation of a new

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security system in which a unified Germany would participate. The Russians were uninterested.

Finally, the Soviets undoubtedly contributed to Adenauer's victory. Khrushchev gave no sign whatever that the Socialists could expect better Russian terms for unification than could the Catholic Chancellor. German voters put no credence in the Socialists' claim that they could make more headway with Russia than had Adenauer.

The election results are disquieting because they reveal little, if any, popular support for the Socialists' drive against conscription or for their opposition to storing nuclear weapons in Germany or equipping German forces with them.

Will the increased power which the electorate gave Adenauer make him easier or harder to deal with? The Allies insist that the Germans are contributing much less than a fair share toward the maintenance of the five U.S. and four British divisions garrisoning the Federal Republic. Adenauer demands the last word as to when and where Allied forces conduct maneuvers in Germany. On such secondary controversies, Adenauer may now become more accommodating.

However, on major issues he is expected to stiffen his attitude. He will probably fight more vehemently than ever against any moves in the suspended London disarmament talks to shackle West Germany militarily or to neutralize her.

Backing Into the Future

American policy on China remains, of course, unchanged; our aim is still to boycott and isolate 600,000,000 Chinese. *Yet:* an American and a Chinese Ambassador have been meeting regularly in Geneva since August, 1955. . . . American newsmen may now enter China (a select few, that is). . . . presumably Chinese newsmen will soon be permitted to visit this country (a select few, that is). . . . Chinese athletes will be permitted to participate in the 1960 Olympic winter games in California, and they will not need to be fingerprinted (negotiations over this point were concluded in Bulgaria, which we do not recognize, by Mr. Avery Brundage, head of the Olympic Committee, who was given special permission to use his passport to attend the Sophia meeting and was there, so to speak, by the grace of John Foster Dulles and the Bulgarian government). We will not, of course, trade with China. *Yet* all the world knows, if Mr. Dulles doesn't (the news was featured in the *Wall Street Journal* of August 30), that many American firms are now conducting a thriving trade with China through Japanese firms which they partly own or control.

From these strange tidings the future of Chinese-American relations may be confidently predicted. We will continue to boycott and isolate the Chinese; at regular intervals Messrs. Dulles and Robertson will emphatically reaffirm our resolute determination not to recognize the Communist regime. *But* more Americans will visit China each year, tourism will flourish, trade will prosper (clandestinely, of course), cultural missions will be exchanged, Chinese athletes will visit this country and, conceivably, the New York Yankees will tour China. *Yet,* all the time we will continue to recognize only the Chiang Kai-shek regime at the cost of a steadily increasing drain on American resources. In the meantime, of course, the Americans still sojourning in Chinese jails will grow old, die and be buried in Chinese soil. *But* our policy will not have changed, we will not have given an inch, we will still be technically at war with China.

The Hand That Wants to Be Bitten

When John B. Hollister resigned as foreign-aid chief —he was director of the International Cooperative Administration—he left behind a kind of posthumous declaration of independence which blew the State Department into a furor of denials and explanations. Mr. Hollister's document, released nine days after he left office, seemed to set American foreign-aid policy against any aid to government-owned, or "Socialist," enterprises; i.e., much of India's current Five Year Plan, for instance. But this isn't so, cries the State Department; Mr. Hollister didn't clear his pronouncement at highest level, and anyway United States foreign-aid policy remains what it always has been (as ambiguous a statement as we have ever seen).

Whatever our policy is (or was), one thing is certain: Mr. Hollister was against it from the first. "At the time he came to the I.C.A.," writes *The New York Times*, "his antipathy for the foreign-aid program was so deep that he was jocularly referred to as 'the admiral who hates the sea.'" It would seem that the Administration has been partial to this kind of practical joke since 1952. At one time or another, we have had a Secretary of the Interior who believed that public resources were invented for private exploitation; a federal-housing chief who was dead set against federal housing; a tariff commissioner who operated as if the last word on the tariff problem was uttered by McKinley; a director of the Commodity Marketing and Adjustment Division of the Department of Agriculture who believed that a large part of his job could be handled by private industry. We still have a Secretary of Agriculture who thinks that the laws of supply and demand will do better for the farmer than anything he can think up.

May we make a suggestion? The so-called civil-rights law, enacted in the closing sessions of the last session of Congress, calls for the establishment of a Civil Rights Commission. We nominate Senator James Eastland (D., Miss.) for chairman.

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Little Rock: POWER SHOWDOWN . . by Robert McKay

May 17, 1954: We conclude that in the field of public education the doctrine of "separate but equal" has no place. Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal.

May 31, 1955: Full implementation of these constitutional principles may require solution of varied local school problems. Social authorities have the primary responsibility for elucidating, assessing, and solving these problems. . . . Because of their proximity to local conditions and the possible need for further hearings, the courts (should) enter such orders and decrees consistent with this opinion as are necessary and proper to admit to public schools on a racially nondiscriminatory basis with all deliberate speed the parties to these cases.

Thus, with dignity and quiet eloquence the Supreme Court abandoned the outworn doctrine of "separate but equal" and decreed that the change-over should be made "with all deliberate speed."

September, 1957, marks the beginning of the fourth school year since the original decision of the United States Supreme Court in the *School Segregation Cases*. Each September has seen additional thousands of Negro children actually in attendance at formerly all-white public schools or in so-called "integrated situations." There are now about two million whites and 350,000 Negroes who have to date been directly affected by the principle of equality without discrimination. The District of Columbia schools are fully integrated; four formerly completely segregated states have now desegregated more than half of their school districts (Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri and Oklahoma); and five states have partially desegregated (Arkansas, Delaware, North Carolina, Tennessee and Texas). Thus only seven states have not yet begun desegregation (Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and Virginia). But even here the breach has commenced: In Louisiana and Virginia Negroes are admitted to state schools at the university level.

As the area of uncompromising resistance inescapably narrows, new measures of recalcitrance are sometimes demonstrated. In this situation lie the seeds of a crisis in constitutional power, germinated in Little Rock, but significant far beyond that episode and that community. For the first time since the *School Segregation Cases* were decided in 1954, a state governor ordered out local units of the National Guard to prevent enforcement of a federal court desegregation order.

IT was surprising, indeed, that this form of drastic action should first occur in Arkansas, where it seemed out of keeping with the state's moderate tradition and with previous indications of the sentiments of the state's chief executive, Governor Orval E. Faubus, who had opposed and defeated the violently segregationist elements of the state only the year before. To be sure, one might have expected the Governor and the state alike to be moderately opposed to enforced integration; but resistance to the Little Rock school board's own plan, as supported by a federal court order, was quite a different thing. After all, the University of Arkansas and other state-supported schools had already been integrated, beginning as long ago as 1948 when the state law school at Fayetteville was opened to Negroes without any threat of litigation. Moreover, several public-school systems had been successfully integrated in Arkansas prior to 1957, while others—Fort Smith, Ozark and Van Buren—commenced integration without incident at the same time that the Little Rock episode was building up.

The facts of that controversy are simple. For more than two years the Little Rock School Board has been working on a plan of gradual desegregation. The board plan, while concededly devised in good faith, at first brought more satisfaction to segregationists than to the Negro parents in the city. It called for an eminently gradual program, beginning with a change-over in the high school in 1957, then working gradually through the other grades over a six-year period. The sufficiency of the plan in light of the *School Segregation Cases* was challenged by Negro parents, but upheld in the federal district courts in 1956 and on appeal in April, 1957. In late August, 1957, a suit was brought in state court by a white parent seeking a stay of the high school desegregation. Although not a party in that proceeding, Governor Faubus testified as to the likelihood of bloodshed and mob violence, and the state court judge ordered discontinuance of the integration plans. This was immediately upset by Federal District Court Judge Ronald N. Davies who, in effect, enjoined the state court from entertaining such actions; but of course it had no directly coercive effect upon the Governor as a basis for contempt citation for his subsequent action.

THE DAY before classes were to begin the Governor made explicit his fears of violence—he spoke of "caravans" of segregationists converging on Little Rock and of Negro purchases of knives and called out the National Guard to "maintain order." If any uncertainty remained as to the troops' mission—preventing Negro enrollment—that doubt was dispelled when he said: "The inevitable conclusion is that the schools must be operated as they have in the past."

Thus the desegregation controversy entered a new phase. For the first time troops were called out ostensibly to prevent violence which had not yet occurred, and the threat of which was denied by the very people most likely to know—the mayor of the affected community and the school board. The troops did what was expected of them. The 270 National Guardsmen on duty the first day of school, and smaller numbers thereafter, permitted the white children to enter the high school and prevented the admission of nine Negro

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students who sought to enter. Similarly, the federal court did what might be expected of the local representative of the supreme judicial authority: Judge Davies ordered school officials to disregard the troops and permit Negroes to attend. Indeed, later when the school board itself began to waver and sought a temporary stay of the order, Judge Davies called their petition "anemic" and reasserted his order for immediate admission of the students.

It is hardly surprising that a few days after Governor Faubus' prediction of "violence, bloodshed and mob riots," a disorderly crowd assembled at Little Rock's Central High School. Such a prophecy, of course, tends to become self-fulfilling. The Governor's prediction had the effect of a call to violence. However, the mildness of the local temper on the issue was demonstrated by the fact that the Governor's action summoned no more response than a small crowd of townspeople more given to noisy curiosity than to riot. Undoubtedly, if the Governor had remained silent, the prediction of Little Rock Mayor Woodrow Wilson Mann would have been fulfilled and the integration would have proceeded without event. As the Mayor put it, the Governor called out the National Guard to "put down trouble where none existed." And he added, "If any racial trouble does develop the blame rests squarely on the doorstep of the governor's mansion."

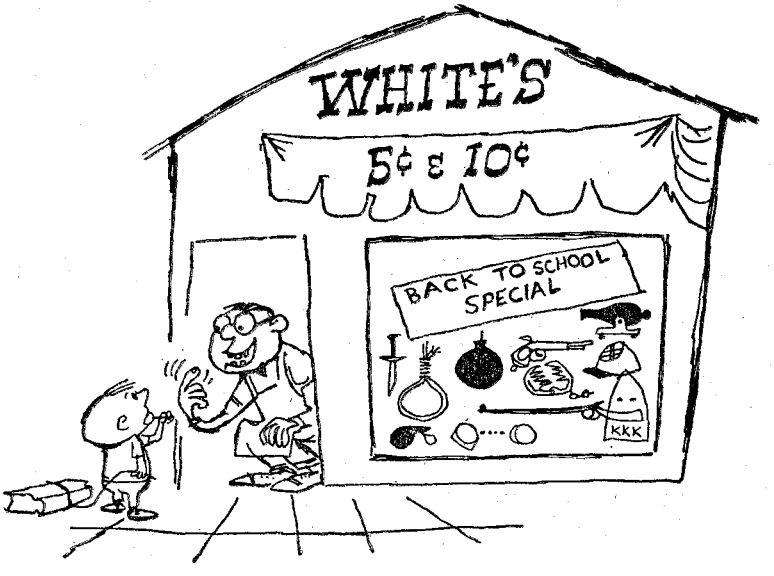
In examining the course of action pursued by Governor Faubus, the legal problems are not difficult. A governor is no less subject to the law of the land than any other person; for any violation of those principles which he is sworn to uphold, he is subject to the same restraints and penalties as other individuals. In short, to the extent that he acts in excess of his constitutional authority, he is not protected by sovereign immunity. The central issue is one of determining Governor Faubus' authority, whether he acted in excess thereof, and, if so, what sanctions may be imposed.

It is, of course, axiomatic that matters of local order are within the police-power jurisdiction of the state. Within the state, it is normal for matters relating to a particular community to be handled by the local authorities of that community, including the police. State assistance is ordinarily given only as needed and requested by the local authorities. This, for example, is the way the Clinton disturbances in 1956 were handled. When the local officials of that small community found that they were unable to cope with the disorder, they called on the state for assistance, which was promptly supplied by Governor Clement in the form of National Guard troops. There, however, the troops were used to ensure *compliance* with the desegragation order; the troops themselves became instrumentalities in the enforcement of the rule of law. How differently the somewhat parallel situation in Little Rock was handled. Where the local authorities, after careful preparation over a two-year period, found no evidence of disorder beyond their capacity to handle, the Governor, over local protest, ordered the National Guard into action. Even more objectionable is the fact that the troops were not employed to *implement* the valid court order, but to prevent compliance with its terms.

An instructive parallel is found in the only instance in which the Supreme Court has decided the merits of a controversy involving the use of the National Guard to prevent enforcement of a federal court decree. As Chief Justice Hughes put it emphatically in that case, *Sterling v. Constantin*, 287 U.S. 378, 404 (1932):

> If it be assumed that the Governor was entitled to declare a state of insurrection and to bring military force to the aid of civil authority, the proper use of that power in this instance was to maintain the federal court in the exercise of its jurisdiction and not to attempt to override it; to aid in making its process effective and not to nullify it; to remove, and not to create, obstructions to the exercise by the complainants of their rights as judicially declared.

LANGUAGE more directly relevant to the action of Governor Faubus can scarcely be imagined. His use of troops to prevent enforcement of the court order thus makes irrelevant any discussion of the Governor's "good faith" fear of disorder. He used the troops for what was necessarily an unlawful purpose—defeating the federal court order. To say the least, studied disregard of law is scarcely good-faith action in support of law. It seems clear then that the keeping of troops at any school, Little Rock or elsewhere, to prevent the enforcement of a federal court desegregation order is an interference with federal supremacy. Accordingly, a show cause order in such circumstances could be decided in only one way, for there is no legal justification for such a course of action. Following the issuance of such an order, any failure to comply with the injunctive requirements would, of course, subject any violator, governor, troop commander, or other person made subject to the order, to the possibility of a contempt cita-



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tion. And in the circumstances postulated there appears to be no doubt that a contempt order would be sustained by the Supreme Court. The result could scarcely be otherwise under a federal system in which the national authority is, as it necessarily must be, supreme.

Even though the ultimate rights are clear in this type of situation, a central problem of some delicacy is involved in the proper selection and timing of the control devices by which the proper end result can be assured with a minimum of dislocation along the way. The ultimate source of executive authority rests upon the President, and the responsibility for decision must necessarily be his. Fortunately or not, solution of these matters can be sought in several different directions, both along avenues of strict legal authority and by way of persuasion and prestige. Each choice deserves discussion.

THOSE WHO are committed to the prolonging of school segregation have repeatedly demonstrated strong imitative ability. Whatever device, stratagem or law proves useful as a technique of delay in one situation may be expected to be duplicated in other places. Thus, to the extent that observers might believe Governor Faubus has developed a "gimmick" that will make integration come harder, variants on that scheme may be anticipated. This, then, is the aspect of Little Rock that carries the greatest long-range significance. Somehow it must be made very clear to would-be imitators that this is not a scheme likely to succeed. The school board, the Mayor, and the local federal court has each performed adequately and in the best traditon. But they need the support that can come perhaps only, and certainly best, from a popular national figure such as President Eisenhower. Perhaps, as many urge, he should have taken a much more vigorous stand in favor of early desegregation than he did. Perhaps he went along too readily with a "gradualism" that has often meant no movement at all. But surely now that he has seen "deliberate speed" distorted into "deliberate evasion" in all too many instances, the time

Integration With a Difference

by Louis E. Lomax

Columbia, S.C., Sept. 16

ANDRE TOTH is a twenty-three-year-old, lantern-jawed Hungarian refugee whose aversion to rain is exceeded only by his love of freedom.

It was raining that night early in 1956 when Communist police imprisoned him for his role in the Budapest rebellion. There was a slight drizzle the day, last October, Toth walked out of prison and fled his homeland. It rained in Paris the night Toth and his mother said goodbye near the Eiffel Tower as he prepared to sail for the refugee camp at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey.

It is raining here and now—Monday, September 16, 1957—as André Toth and I walked across the campus of Allen University, where he has incurred the wrath of segregationalists as the first white student to enroll at this eighty-seven-year-old institution of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

The controversy began here last month when Dean Arthur D. Green announced that five scholarships had been allotted to Hungarian refugee students upon the request of the United States Department of Health, Education and Public Welfare, acting in concert with the Institute of International Education and the World University Service. The request had the blessings of the State Department.

Asked about the admission of the white students to the hitherto all-Negro campus, South Carolina State Attorney General T. C. Callison said: "The state cannot prohibit the admission of white students at Allen University as it is a private school. However, such admissions will be deemed against public policy."

Because of the controversy, there was doubt that the Hungarians would accept the scholarships, but on Saturday, September 14, Toth registered in the College of Fine Arts. And this morning—as the United Nations Assembly headed for a show-down over fixing blame for the Hungarian uprising and its consequences—the five-member South Carolina State Board of Education voted unanimously "in the public interest, to withhold the certification of Allen University graduates."

"I am still a visitor in America," Toth tells me as we stroll along, "and I have no right to comment on your internal affairs. But," he continues in halting English, "you can say I believe in freedom; that all people are the same; that injustice is not confined to any one country. I am happy here and intend to remain."

The home of university president Dr. Frank Veal is quiet. He has had his last say on the matter: "State officials, as you know, withdrew our certification. This means our graduates will not be able to get teaching certificates in this state. Our only comment is that Mr. Toth will remain with us."

A small crowd of white gawkers has gathered peacefully near the campus, but Toth is unruffled. "The world University Student Service gave me my scholarship and I had a complete briefing on the racial situation. I was afraid that some students would be upset because of the uproar, but they've been very nice."

By noon today it was clear that the segregationists' threat had failed.

"Our students have not been frightened," registrar William Perguese said, "registration is normal, if not above. We had approximately 900 students last year and I expect to match that this year."

As we continue across the campus, André shrugs off mist questions concerning race and integration.

"I want to get on with learning," he comments, "I have always wanted to paint and study the history of art. *That* is what I am here for. I might try out for one of the athletic teams. I don't know yet."

"I hope you don't mind making this interview short," he adds pleasantly, "my room mate arrived late last night. I was asleep and didn't get a chance to know him well. I'm anxious to get back to my room and see what kind of fellow I'll have to put up with for the year."

In the center of down town Columbia is the state Capitol building and South Carolina's double motto is etched in the cornerstone: *"Animus opibusque parati. Dun spiro spero."* That is to say, "Prepared in minds and resources. While I breathe I hope."

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has come when he must take a more forthright stand. An appropriate step in this direction was the President's telegram to Governor Faubus, informing the Governor that the President intended to uphold the Constitution "by every legal means at my command." Regrettably, however, the impact of this statement was diluted by the conference between the President and the Governor at Newport, Rhode Island. The statements issued by the parties following that conference gave the unfortunate impression that the Governor's use of troops was a matter for negotiation and bargaining between the President, sworn to uphold the Constitution, and the Governor whose actions had amounted to a flouting of the same instrument. If repetition of the Little Rock situation is to be effectively discouraged, the President must make clear his determination to act promptly in the future to prevent interruption of orderly desegregation undertaken in pursuance of judicial determination.

THE President's once-expressed intention to use "every legal means" at his command recalls that there is an adequate arsenal of Presidential authority. In the unlikely event that in some future situation a state official should refuse to withdraw National Guard troops even after a contempt citation, the court itself would have but one additional enforcement device, and that one of doubtful utility under the circumstances. By law the district court can summon to its aid a so-called *posse comitatus*, consisting of a body of local citizens armed to enforce the court order. The unlikelihood of the adoption of this technique suggests that responsibility for enforcement of the law would then rest squarely with the President. He would be under a clear mandate to secure compliance with the law as declared by the federal courts. By the same token, negotiation of a "settlement" would be clearly inappropriate. In view of the President's obligation to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution," he might find it necessary to resort to force of some kind in the event of adamant resistance. Some time ago the President indicated that he could conceive of no circumstances which would justify calling out federal troops. In light of his telegram to Governor Faubus and the subsequent developments in Arkansas, the earlier statement must now be understood as an appropriate reluctance to resort to armed force. Despite that reluctance, he surely could not long abide state use of National Guard troops in defiance of federal authority. After all, the National Guard units are equipped at the expense of the Federal Government, and, according to Article II of the Constitution, the President is commander-in-chief of those units "when called into the actual service of the United States." Indeed, he has express statutory authority to do just that (10 U.S.C. § 332):

> Whenever the President considers that unlawful obstructions, combinations, or assemblages, or rebellion against the authority of the United States, make it impracticable to enforce the laws of the United States in any State or Territory by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, he may call into Federal service such of the militia of any State, and use such of the armed forces, as he considers necessary to enforce these laws or to suppress the rebellion.

Thus, the President could call directly into federal service National Guard troops being used by state officials to thwart enforcement of federal law. Alternatively, the President could dispatch units of the regular United States Army to any affected area, with orders to take command and restore compliance with law.

Obviously, these are drastic measures which would be unlikely to ease the way to desegregation. But state defiance of lawful federal authority may not be tolerated. This would no longer be state sovereignty but state anarchy.

Housing Snafu: Paradox or Portent?.. *by Murray B. Meld*

WITH LIGHTS and clatter like those of a pin-ball machine, the scoreboards of American prosperity continue to rack up ever more impressive totals. The latest bell rung by the economy is the unprecedented output of goods and services. Midsummer saw the nation's Gross National Product reach $433.5 billions —a four-billion increase over the first quarter. Jobs, at 67.2 million, also set a record. To top it off, personal income reached $324 billions, the highest per capita amount ever attained in the United States.

There seems, however, to be an off-beat note to the steady sound of the spinning wheel of fortune. The discord is struck by the housing situation. Somehow, in the vast outpouring of goods, services and personal income, the housing promise has not paid off. For millions of American families, the dream of decent shelter, let alone the vine-covered cottage, simply hasn't come true. At the peak of America's wealth and power, "one-third of the nation" is no longer "ill-fed" or "ill-clothed," but it is still appallingly housed.

Last May *Architectural Forum* pointed out that "there are just about as many unsanitary, congested and dilapidated homes in the United States as there were in the middle of the Depression—probably with more people living in them." This conclusion is obvious to anyone who looks closely at the

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festering heart of most of our large cities, or glances along the tracks leading to his presumably insulated community, be it suburbia, exurbia or superbia. For try as they may to shut off the vision of the slum, those who are themselves comfortably housed are beginning to find that the "begonia belt" itself is not immune to blight.

A survey just completed by the Westchester Council of Social Agencies reported, for example, that some of the worst slums in the New York metropolitan area are to be found in this wealthy suburban county. The extent of sub-standard housing was "shocking," the report said, with 18,000 dwellings in "deplorable condition."

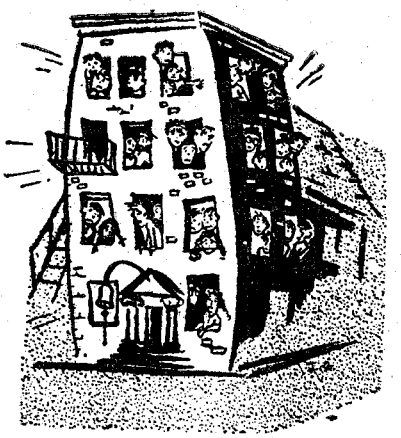
Genteel Greenwich, just over the Westchester line in Connecticut, admitted the problem in a more circumspect way. Finding that good salaries were insufficient to draw needed school teachers into town because of the lack of satisfactory, moderate-cost housing, civic-minded people and P.T.A. groups in the community set up housing committees. With luck, someone comes up from time to time with a converted barn, an ex-caretaker's cottage, or an attic conversion at Aunt Min's.

Meanwhile, in Stamford, a neighboring Connecticut town, the vacancy ratio has stood at a half of 1 per cent for almost ten years. Three per cent, say real estate people, is a more normal figure, the kind of elbow-room that growing families and new arrivals require. A model community in most other respects, Stamford found from a recent survey that 10 per cent of the housing units in its downtown area had no bathroom or were dilapidated, overcrowded or otherwise below Bureau of Census standards.

Connecticut, ironically, has the second-highest per capita income of any state in the country. Elsewhere the housing situation is equally tragic. In most cities, including Washington, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans and those on the West Coast, millions of people are crowded into inadequate space equipped with substandard facilities. Substandard units run as high as one-fifth of all those available. Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans and other minorities are six times as overcrowded on the average, as whites. Here is the legacy of those who inherit the deserted "heart" of the city.

Shortage, particularly for income groups where choice is limited, has always co-existed with slum. Shortage today makes a mockery of most slum-clearance and urban-renewal programs. In the absence of any other shelter, where can the dislocated families go while the bulldozer and wrecking ball are doing their work? Local authorities cannot enforce building codes, it is said, when to shut down an offense to decency often calls for an offense against humanity — placing helpless occupants out on the street.

Thus, shortage and blight continue together in the midst of prosperity. As long as the hunger of those who have no shelter blinds them to the disrepair, the hasty partitioning, the improvised lighting and plumbing, the owners of substandard properties can't be expected to invest in improvements. With a tax value of only $1,970, one such building in Columbus, Ohio, was reported in the 1955 *Housing Yearbook* to have brought its owner an annual rental of $7,260 from its eleven tenants—a return of 368 per cent of tax value. The shortage, the lack of enforcement, the hunger for shelter, continue to make the slum a profitable investment.



But wasn't public housing supposed to reduce our slums and provide for people of lower incomes? The fact is that public housing has never amounted to more than a small fraction of all residential construction. At its height in 1941, it accounted for 12 per cent; in the last few years, less than two per cent. Some idea of the relative proportions involved can be drawn from this comparison: In the twenty-two years since the federal-housing program was begun, it has produced no more housing units than private builders have constructed in any one of the last few years. Publicly-aided housing, state as well as federal, has been responsible for only 650,000 of the fifteen million new homes built since 1934.

Nor has privately-built housing, for all the Levittowns, Park Forests and interstitial suburban developments, satisfied the need for American homes. Like poor Alice who had to run fast in order to stay where she was on the treadmill, private builders have hammered with might and main. *In proportion to the increase in housing requirements, however, the net gain has been virtually nil.*

THERE ARE several reasons for the basic shortage of housing. And until the shortage itself is overcome, solutions to related problems like neighborhood decay, or *de facto* segregation in Northern cities, will make little headway. Political and labor groups might well consider "zeroing in" on the central target in their concern for some of these peripheral issues.

The most important reason for the housing shortage is the pressure of population growth. In the first half of this century, the country's population has doubled. By 1960, it will have risen above the 180 million mark. The pressure is intensified by the fact that most of the gain is taking place among urban and semi-urban families, rather than on the farms.

Housing demand has been further sharpened by the mobility which has taken hold of Americans since World War II. Following job opportunities, a desire for travel and recreation, retirement to more favored climates, or merely because they've grown tired of their present quarters, one out of every five American families changed its place of residence last year. Since many of them converge upon new areas at the same time,

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and some leave behind them dwelling units which are removed from the market, acute imbalances occur in various parts of the country.

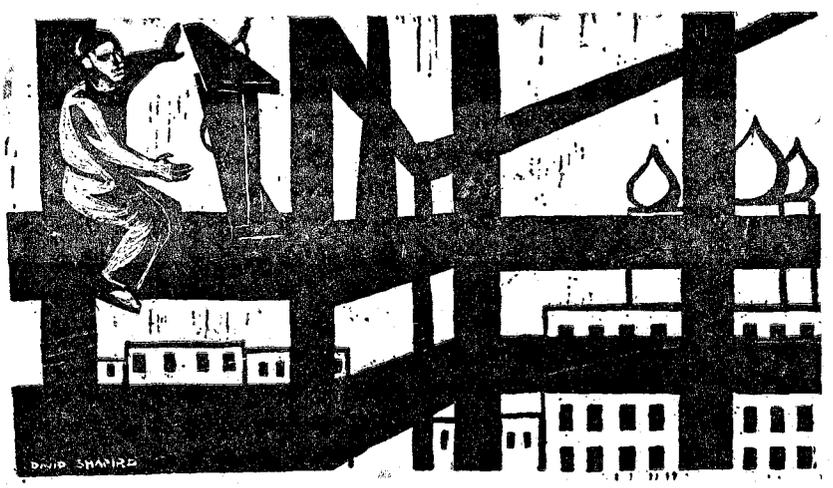
The population is not just bigger and more mobile; it is also more "spread out"—that is, made up of more and smaller household units. For a given number of people, a greater number of homes seems required today, mostly because of the high marriage rate during the last ten years and the increased number of older people who want homes of their own for retirement.

Paradoxically, the rising standard of living has added to the problem. Not just home-ownership, but the single-family detached house is what people want; and it takes a lot more material and labor to construct such a house, especially if a "rumpus room," den for daddy and bedroom for each child is part of the bargain.

Quality aside, however, the hard reality is that the 15,000,000 housing units built during the last two decades have been more than balanced by (a) the nearly one million new families that have formed each year, and (b) the 300,000 dwelling units that have been destroyed annually, on the average, through public-works construction or slum clearance. The country has never caught up with the hiatus created during World War II, when housing starts dropped to one-tenth the present level. Someday, perhaps, this deprivation will be counted as part of the price of victory.

IN THE FACE of this unsatisfied hunger, the construction and marketing of housing should show no signs of letting up. Not, at least, according to the classical formula of supply and demand. The fact is, however, that the number of housing starts in the first quarter of this year dropped more than a third below that of the corresponding period in 1955. It is now estimated that the total number of new units to be constructed this year will reach no more than 880,000. The total for last year was over a million and that for 1955 was 1,310,000.

The drop is taking place while personal consumption and total productivity are at a peak. Here, then,



is another side of the paradox of shortage in the midst of apparent plenty.

New York State offers an example of what has been happening in many other parts of the country. By August of this year, residential construction had slumped for the twentieth consecutive month to a decline of 30 per cent from the previous year. State Housing Commissioner Joseph P. McMurray has been quoted in *The New York Times* as calling for action "before the home-building situation collapses completely."

With new housing starts across the country at their lowest figure since 1948, Congress and the Administration have joined builders in decrying the "creeping paralysis" which has been devitalizing the industry.

Why aren't Americans buying as many houses now as they did two years ago? The need for homes is greater than ever—but builders and investors have been looking skyward rather than earthward for buyers. Houses started in the last few years have been beyond the price reach of the population strata which need housing most. The National Housing Conference, which since the thirties has been contending for increased public and private housing for low-income groups, surveyed one-family dwellings near eleven large cities and judged their median price to be "well beyond the means of five out of six families in the United States."

The suggestion that pay-dirt lies in low-cost housing and lower-income groups quickly draws fire from organized home-builder and real estate groups. Conceding that a "desperate shortage of inexpensive homes exists," and acknowledging that a house under $10,000 could be built and financed, builders nevertheless express "no intention of putting up less expensive houses," according to *The New York Times* (September 1, 1957). "Such a house," builders were quoted as saying, "would not sell because the consumer who feels he can afford to pay even that much for a home nevertheless has a standard of living that would lead him to regard a $10,000 home—if he could find one— as unfit for habitation."

If this is true, it would indeed seem that Americans have been "oversold" by the dream world of color-lithography. At any rate, there appeared to be no suggestion from the builders that imagination, resourcefulness and lessened profit margins might somehow produce a $10,000 house that people would consider worth buying.

The average home builder undoubtedly prides himself on being a "practical man," not overly given to social psychology and motivational research. He is a small entrepreneur, by and large, building an average of four or five homes a year, according to the Department of Commerce. For him, the problem often seems to boil down into one of insufficient credit. Lending institutions are reluctant to advance the credit or arrange a mortgage for what seems to him to be a perfectly good prospect.

Seemingly aware of home-town sentiment and the let-down in business among building-material sup-

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pliers as well as builders, Congress was moved within recent weeks to authorize new regulations by the F.H.A. permitting banks and other lenders to grant mortgages based upon lower down payments and higher interest rates. The latter, rather than the former, were expected to provide the impetus for new construction, government housing officials argued before Congress.

Opinion has been sharply divided as to the effect these changes will have. Since the new regulations went into effect on August 6, F.H.A. spokesmen have been expecting "quite an upturn," although they concede that it will take four or five months for anything significant to happen. The National Association of Home Builders, on the other hand, maintains that on the basis of a quick poll of its members, "the lenders haven't made any more money available" than they had heretofore.

Among the lenders themselves, there were some misgivings about the new regulations. The president of one of the Midwest's largest savings and loan associations said publicly that the lower down payments and higher interest rates will increase inflationary pressure, raise the cost of home ownership, reduce the incentive for builders to lower costs and will bring families with inadequate cash resources into the home market far too prematurely for their own good. While the bill was being debated, Senators Neuberger and Sparkman had argued similarly.

Whether more housing will reach those whose need is greatest remains to be seen, but the likelihood is slim. The new regulations merely *permit* rather than obligate lending institutions to make mortgage money available. In general, banks and other investors will continue to put their money into those channels which offer the best return.

For some time, anyway, interest rates agreed to by the home-purchaser and the lender have often been higher than F.H.A. minimum requirements. This situation may make a fiction of the presumably "liberalized" terms the new regulations permit. It has come about through the stratagem of "discounts" on mortgages financed under F.H.A. and G.I. terms. A "discount" of 1 per cent, for example, means that the borrower on a $10,000 mortgage actually receives only $9,900, but must pay interest on, and pay back, the full $10,000. Discussion of this "extra," legal though it be, is usually not brought into the conversation until closing papers are being drawn on the purchase. The point is that "discounts" are permitted to continue under the new regulations.

All of these considerations make it clear that home-building and home-financing are inextricably woven into the nation's economy. Housing represents an investment equal to two-and-one-half times the total assets of the country's 500 largest corporations. In terms of credit, the amount of outstanding mortgage debt on small homes stood at $88 billion at the end of 1955—double the amount five years previously.

The present crisis in housing may indeed be no more than an interesting aberration in an otherwise healthy economy, a paradox which would be merely puzzling were its social consequences not so serious. On the other hand, housing's inability to keep up its post-war pace in construction and marketing, its "overshooting" of the potential buyer, may have a deeper significance.

No other purchase a family makes is as meaningful as that of a home. It represents a "binder" on the future, an expression of the family's long-term outlook.

When the housing industry finds itself increasingly unable to attract investment capital, when the availability of investment money continues to shrink generally, when the breadwinner becomes less optimistic about next year's expected raise taking care of this year's increased indebtedness, one begins to wonder: could housing be less a paradox and more, perhaps, a portent?

ESCAPE from the NUTCRACKER

A Professor Demands Parity Plus . . *John D. Garwood*

THE WORLD has turned over many times since Caesar and his Roman legions, armed to their respective teeth, stood at the Rubicon. His eagle eyes scanned the uneasy horizon. His hawk nose, which he scratched tentatively but authoritatively, sniffed the chill moist air. It was in this manner that he arrived at the momentous decision to cross over.

Fellow professors, members of self-perpetuating committees, we do not stand at the Rubicon today. My friends, we stand in it. We are caught in the stream of life. Our purchasing power has been decimated by an interaction of two economic phenomena: (a) low salary scales; (b) high prices. We are in the nutcracker; we are being forced to shell out.

We need and, unless I mistake the temper of the times, we demand bold, persistent experimentation. The writer would propose a solution as American as mom's apple pie, Listerine's glorious triumph over halitosis, or Errol Flynn's heroism and self-sacrifice.

The solution about to be advanced here is so simple, so understandable, so straight from the shoulder, that the reader will wonder that it had not occurred to him. Friends, our problem can be solved completely

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and without cost to anyone through the media of government price support for professors' salaries, plus certain other minor concessions.

I cannot forecast the course of Congress on such a proposal. Its action is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma which has only of late been bared in Harry Truman's *Memoirs*.

Our case is a strong one. Let us proceed in a methodical fashion as good logicians to present the facts. Let us go first to the farm situation and draw the parallels.

Parity means equivalent or equal in purchasing power. It measures the relationship between the prices a farmer receives and prices he must pay for goods and services.

The need. What we professors need is 90 per cent of parity. At the present time we are getting no more than 65 per cent of parity. If we take 1910-1914 as a base, 1925-1929 as a base, or 1935-1939 as a base, we arrive at a figure of from 60 to 65 per cent of parity. If we use the McGraw-Hill figures which take 1940 as a base, we see that by 1954 physicians had improved their dollar position by 80 per cent, lawyers by 10 per cent, industrial workers by 48 per cent, and faculty members were down by 5 per cent.

Our cause is just. Of course it is.

The curious parallel to the farmer. It is said that the farmer produces a necessity—food—and must be rewarded fairly. Let us point out that by the same token our product is a necessity—we provide food for thought. We are both cultivators: the farmer the soil, we the mind. Certainly it would be just as bad to have our children ill-educated as ill-fed. We must be democracy's arsenal.

Further, a soil bank for tired academicians is sorely needed. The increased enrollments with the concomitant enlarged classes have worn us out at a distressing rate. What we need is an opportunity to lie fallow for a couple of years or until we get our strength back. This could be fitted into the program nicely.

We could be paid for not teaching for a time. Certainly this would have the warm support of those students who have fretted themselves with the quality of the product now being produced. We could lie fallow in California, Florida, Yellowstone Park and other areas specifically stated by law. This particular point would need to be worked out and clearly stated, lest through the inadvertence of some minor government official, some one of us lies fallow in International Falls, Minnesota, during the long winter months.

Congress has passed a bill which provides that a farmer may obtain a refund of 2 cents a gallon on all gasoline he uses in his tractor on his farm, this being the amount of federal tax on gasoline.

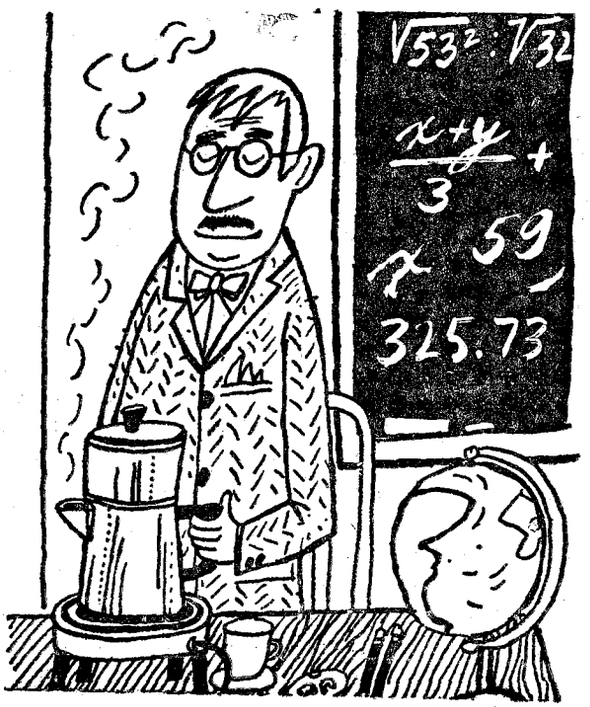
We may draw a parallel for coffee as our source of strength and succor in time of need. Our tongues loosen as we drink deeply from the stained mugs in the students' union building. We spark, we backfire, as we attain our full powers of perception again. Our minds altered, our bleary eyes now clear, we mount the podium full of purpose, our hands holding the lecture notes for the day.

Let us ask for a federal subsidy for our coffee. In the time-honored tradition, let us ask for coffee and donuts and then compromise for coffee. It would cost the government but a few million per year and as more coffee would be consumed this would stimulate the growing of coffee in Brazil which would give Brazilians more buying power which in turn would increase their capacity to buy from us. This would give us an excellent opportunity to dump our surplus harmonicas upon them (they do need them) and thus afford a musical opportunity for some poor Brazilian waif.

But this is not all. Our plan, with its subsidy features, is based upon the principles laid out by the founding fathers and ardently followed since then by countless other patriotic red-blooded Americans. Let us emulate them by being redundant with *e pluribus unum*. Let us make our case even stronger by examining other sectors of the economy.

Our postal department has gone in the red this past year to the tune of $500,000,000. That's right, $500,000,000. This is just equal to the amount we have given to India since 1950.[1] Magazines are delivered by the postal service for less than cost of delivery. This is a subsidy of a considerable amount to magazine publishers. Why not give the professor a 3-cent franking privilege? For the itinerant professor, permit him to mail his application blanks and credentials free of charge. This has long been needed; indeed, it is a *must* for an egalitarian society.

[1] How do the Indians feel about this? They want to turn Formosa over to Communist China. They want to get Red China into the United Nations.



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Countless numbers of entrepreneurs have combined the factors of production secure in the knowledge that they would be protected from foreign competition. Were goods allowered to flow across our boundaries freely, our economy would be prostrated by the cheap foreign labor. We have fought this un-American situation by levying tariffs which prevent our consumers from buying goods at lower prices, a practice un-American to the core.

In the faculties of some major education institutions in the United States, as many as one out of every five full professors is foreign-born. He has been imported and has driven down our price. The addition of Einstein to the Princeton faculty, for example, meant one less job for some red-blooded American. Clearly, we must stand firm on imports.

In 1955, American Airlines was paid $18,632,000 in subsidies. The wage cost of operating a C-2 cargo ship, privately owned, of the United States Merchant Marine is $24,000 per month. The federal government pays $19,500 per month per ship.

Evidently these carriers of goods are deemed essential for the public weal. Are we not, my friends, bearers of The Truth? Do we not carry forward, generation after generation, those ideals our society holds dear? Are we not entitled to some remuneration?

Boxes of avocadoes placed in the faculty lounge in the union building would not be unwelcome. Fruits in season might be added. The federal government could easily make this possible. Our national productivity in this area is tremendous.

World War II brought the use of elaborate depletion allowances for business in computing its income-tax load. And the use of liberal expense accounts also lowers the corporation tax. The Korean War brought the discharge of General MacArthur and the continued use of features in the corporate-tax structure which lowered the tax a corporation pays.

The tax load of the professor is too high. It has taken him eight years to complete his college preparation. It would seem only right and in the American tradition of fair play to permit him to deplete himself at the rate of 12½ per cent per year. Certain expenses attandent to the profession should be deductible from the income tax. Thus, shoe soling (limit of five per shoe), tickets to the girls' physical-education annual carnival, glasses, all scholarship pins, etc., should be classed as legitimate business expenses. (These are obvious items. The reader may supply others for himself if he wishes.)

Some may cry government interference, government expense, aye, even socialism. We may not achieve our goal without opposition of the most vicious and insidious nature. We must fight it where we find it. De shall fight them on the beaches. We shall fight them on the landing fields. We shall fight them in West Texas or Northern Montana. We shall fight them in front of the post office. We stand at Armageddon. We battle for all those things we hold dear, our homes, our families, our television sets.

Our crusade, our quest for justice, is fraught with peril. I can only promise blood, sweat and tears. We are in the twilight. The lamps are going out over all campuses. Let us, at this late hour, take the bull by the tail and look the situation squarely in the face.

The lowliest instructor on any campus, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error. From portal to portal, from Orono, Maine to San Diego, California, let us cry "You shall not press down upon the brow of mankind this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify us upon a cross of gold certificates and commercial paper and/or government bonds."

Let us hold fast to our Ph.D. robes. Let us remind them that had we chosen another field of endeavor we would have been captains of industry, titans of finance, engineers in leather boots throwing bridges over vast chasms. Aye, possibly even oligopolists or duopolists.

Too long we have waited in the outer room. We have petitioned and our petitions have been scorned. We have entreated, and our entreaties have been disregarded. We entreat no more; we petition no more. We defy them. Our wives are working, we will never starve.

Epitaph for a Landmark

(*Continued from inside cover*)

taking to preserve the building? Have they enlisted the aid of interested outside individuals or groups to raise funds? Perhaps it could be used as a Frank Lloyd Wright museum!"

What these students overlooked is the University of Chicago's disavowal of responsibility in the decision to destroy the house. Dean Strozier of the university insists that while the Chicago Theological Seminary is connected academically with the larger institution, it has an independent fiscal policy. "We can advise, but we have no veto power," he says. Few persons, however, can conceive of the seminary acting on such a matter without the University of Chicago's approval. Defenders of Robie House have, quite properly, brought the issue of a "responsible university" into the discussion, and point out that, at long last, an architectural landmark has joined racial and low-income groups as "undesirable."

Most loyal defense of the building has been organized by William B. MacDonald, an educational-TV broadcaster who has formed a committee for fund-raising and for planning alternatives to demolition. MacDonald is by no means convinced, as the seminary is, that the house is worthless: "Robie was designed to be lived in and could, ideally, serve as a guest house for the use of distinguished visitors to the university, and provide office space for some of the small organizations which cluster about the campus." MacDonald also points out that while the seminary has estimated that it would cost $100,000 to repair the building, plus an operating trust to assure repairs for five years or more, Wright's own estimate is $15,000.

MacDonald, though he is growing desperate as the months roll by and demolition plans become more definite, hopes to save the house, one way or another. Wright may find a way of taking it over himself, turning it into an architectural library. A fraternity has offered to trade its house for Robie: a cooperative arrangement between Wright and the fraternity could be effected. If Wright can save the building temporarily, or if the seminary were not in such a hurry, the government might prevent its demolition through a law providing funds for the preservation of historic monuments. But Chicago Theological Seminary has shown itself obstinate and relentless in its plans to see a bright new apartment building on the corner.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Odor of Absurdity, Ha!

THE SQUARE PEGS. By Irving Wallace. Alfred A. Knopf. 314 pp. $5.

THE LUNATIC FRINGE. By Gerald W. Johnson. J. B. Lippincott Co. 248 pp. $3.95.

David Cort

THE KIND of eccentric personality that can accommodate new and "absurd" ideas, the unpredictable relations between the personality and the idea, and the impact of both together on a stunned society: this is a great subject that throws a strange diagonal lighting on both human society and the dynamics of ideas. Certainly the eccentrics are noticed by their contemporaries. But their intellectual specific gravity is too rarely re-measured; and today we have an opportunity to examine such a re-measurement of twenty-two so-called eccentrics on the past American landscape. This must be a review of some visceral lives, not of two books, because the books do not avow the job they do, nor do the job they avow.

The splendid joke about these twenty-two people is either on their own outrageous behavior or on the laughing mob that failed to recognize a truth that was soon to become a commonplace. Yet these are both the same joke, for the latter incites the eccentric to the former. Even the little child on the sidewalk who said that the emperor had no clothes on must have had a bad moment or two before everybody began laughing at himself—a very unlikely event outside a fable. But it is typical of our time that the authors of these books, while defending the butts of the mob's joke, still tacitly imply that the mob was not entirely wrong.

The eccentrics celebrated by *The Square Pegs* will give you pause, if you are thinking of being an eccentric. There is Harden-Hickey, royalist Fascist, sometime Catholic, Buddhist and Theosophist, who at 39 formally claimed kingship of an empty, treeless south Atlantic island. There is George Francis Train, self-made millionaire, who at 41 gave Jules Verne his big idea by traveling around the world in eighty days. (Don't look now, but the author of the other book thinks Verne gave the idea to Train.) The blackmailing prostitute-suffragette, Victoria Woodhull, was reformed at 45 as the bride of an English banker. The California forty-niner, dazed by bankruptcy, was 40 when he crowned himself Norton I, Emperor of the United States. The citizens of San Francisco played it straight for twenty years, giving their Emperor free lodging, uniforms, transport and dinner at the best restaurants. The Yankee spinster lecturer, Delia Bacon, decided at 41 that Shakespeare had been Bacon and six other people, and ruined her life and mind to prove it. The War of 1812 hero, Captain Symmes, resolved at 38 that the Earth is hollow with gaping holes at both Poles. The frontierswoman, Anne Newport Royal, widowed at 44, was done out of her just inheritance and turned into a scourge of every variety of scoundrel. The Newburyport speculator, Timothy Dexter, made his fortune at 40 by buying for cash the worthless Continental scrip which Hamilton after some anxious suspense redeemed at face value. His famous book, *A Pickle for the Knowing Ones*, and his bizarre menage including the authentic Molly Pitcher, came later.

Some of these were mad; all lived painful lives. The price of non-conformism is made to seem very high, even if one cares about the world, the truth and virtue. We get an impression of impotence and absurdity.

And yet to take only George Francis Train, before he developed his attention-mania, he had ordered the building of the famous Flying Cloud clipper ship, anticipated prefabricated housing, introduced bowling to Australia and shipped home a stranded Edwin Booth, promoted the original of the Erie Railroad, introduced track streetcars to England and the Continent, defended the Union cause in England at a crucial time, exposed English blockade-running, promoted the financing of the Union Pacific Railroad. This took a combination of brains, guts and flair. And he also created the dilettante sport of setting speed records around the world, now a monopoly of government.

THERE seems to be a critical age at which all these people stopped kidding and went seriously to work at their crotchets. It was about 40. An apparent exception is Victoria Woodhull, who was raised as a mountebank. But for her, the eccentricity was a rich, respectable marriage. If you are near 50 and not yet an eccentric, you are evidently safe; if you are a conformist under 40, look out.

Most of the radical ideas for which the nine made themselves ridiculous are now sober orthodoxy. It will be useful only to examine two that are still considered absurd: the hollow earth and the Shakespeare fraud.

The queerest thing about the Shakespeare controversy is that the suspicion should arise at all, and should not die out. Delia Bacon's Bacon is perhaps the wrong alternative, but Calvin Hoffman's recent candidate for the plays, Marlowe, has some remarkable qualifications.

As to who is crazy about the Earth, the crazy opinion is the current orthodoxy, taught in the schools, that the pressures inward at the center of the Earth are 23,000 tons per square inch. Since the Earth is a revolving sphere, its center is almost certainly turbulent and thrusting outward centrifugally. Einstein's last hypothesis was to the effect that gravity is electro-magnetic in nature operating in fields of force, not a magic peanut at the center

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of the Earth that pulls everything to it. This can be interpreted to say that at the center of the Earth there is only a hole.

Hatred of such heresies derives from mankind's need to think it knows, especially when it does not and cannot know.

Indifference usually asks the sensible question: what difference does it make? The answer to this is that we never know how much difference it may make when we find the truth instead of the myth, and that it usually makes quite an astonishing difference. For example, the peculiar mental state of England around 1600, not unlike America's today (now Communist renegades, then recusants, and always accusation and suspicion), is never related to Shakespeare but is tragically related to Marlowe's life.

Hawthorne wrote of Delia's proposition: "From the scholars and critics of her own country, indeed, Miss Bacon might have looked for a worthier appreciation . . . But they are not a courageous body of men; they dare not think a truth that has an odor of absurdity. . . ."

TO DARE to be a little absurd: why is this so difficult? To make jokes of these tragic lives is to disguise the truth that every life is in some way a joke.

The thing goes too far when the author takes his keynote from Henry Morton Robinson, as follows: "Eccentrics . . . get far away from the good, the true and the beautiful, substituting for this dour trinity the rarer qualities of the rare (sic), the cuckoo and the courageous." This crass sentence, turning formerly decent words into jargon, succeeds in standing the truth squarely on its head and making a bedlam of this difficult and important matter. Indeed, it is precisely the eccentric's devotion to the good, the true and the beautiful that gives him the odor of absurdity, to which Robinson, once a frustrated poet, now prefers outright Philistinism. This is not a bad joke either.

The great eccentrics, those who mysteriously synthesize a previously non-existent summary of the true, are such as Buddha, Jesus Christ, Socrates, Euclid, Montaigne, Beethoven, Jefferson, Thoreau, Lincoln, Freud—and on a much lower, contemporary level, Jimmie Durante. Joe E. Lewis, Henry Morgan, Jackie Gleason—and back on the high level, numbers of saints and inventor-discoverers. Only the eccentrics have saved us from the caves.

ANOTHER reason for writing about eccentrics, given in the second book, *The Lunatic Fringe*, is to make us more tolerant of political aberrants today. This approach, since the death of Senator McCarthy and the appropriation of the Fifth Amendment by super-patriot labor leaders, is strangely and gratifyingly dated. However, once Mr. Johnson has chosen his thirteen subjects, one would expect him to defend them. On the contrary, he cannot conceal his dislike of quite a number of them. This is as confusing as anything the Red Queen said. For half the book, the style has a pseudo-Mencken cynicism without voltage, as if we were all far, far above the battle. Since we are not, nor is Mr. Johnson, confusion is compounded.

Johnson's subjects move us into some new levels, with Theodore Roosevelt, Tom Paine, Horace Greeley, the same Victoria Woodhull, Henry George, Governor Altgeld, Carry Nation and Tom Watson. Such a lineup reminds one of those conversations in heaven or hell, once a literary fashion, where Martin van Buren flirted with Cleopatra. The author is too much interested in the Populist movement, which ultimately gave us Bryan, to hold me. He can safely be said to ridicule Roosevelt, Greeley, the Grimké sisters, Mrs. Woodhull, Ignatius Donnelly, Sockless Jerry Simpson, Mary Yellin Lease and Carry Nation.

But when he comes to Henry George, he suddenly stops kidding, as if he were right down in a battle too important to lose. This is a noble chapter that might become required reading in the schools. Eighty pages later, the same thing happens again with John Peter Altgeld, and some of the nobility carries over to Tom Watson, of whom the author naturally disapproves.

The question puts itself to both these authors: why were these particular champions of non-conformism chosen for a demonstration that was meant to be favorable? Less appropriate examples of fringe lunatics could hardly be found than Roosevelt, Henry George and Governor Altgeld; they were out to solve the same problems as everybody else; they simply had somewhat different solutions. One must suspect Johnson of choosing people he already knew something about, and adding a few suggested by his editors. In the other book, all the people were perfectly fitted to the holes they chose; they were anything but square pegs. In fact, a true eccentric will rarely end up in anything but a suitable hole, once he gets serious, possibly around the age of 40, per-

Memento Mori

Seaweed in its looking-glass lagoon,
the burrowing whelk, the curious long-necked crane
astutely eyeing us must surely pass
and death be spoken, though the mood remain.

Some night let us dissemble and defy
our incorruptibility—steal back
into this cove where predatory tides
regurgitate the silt, where marsh hens clack—

weightless, above the tangled, unkempt green
while children sleep, and only lovers walk,
who, if they hear us whispering, assume
it is the shaken breath in lovers' talk.

Truant from Remoteness, stooping here
to watch the fiddler crabs shift stealthily,
we may relate no transmutations seen
as mystical as this star-ridden Sea.

SARAH HOWARD

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haps a little sooner, perhaps later.

In some such sense, the basic thinking about people and society in these two books is dismally blind; and much groping confusion results. A reader will get from them what he brings to them in experience and knowledge of life. To a qualified reader they are very fruitful; and obviously would be to any reader of this particular magazine. As for others, I don't know; this material might even be subversive and spawn a dreadful crop of poseurs such as the young Whittaker Chambers, a pat subject for a similar book fifty years from now.

Can these often sad, often horrible stories persuade anybody to be a non-conformist? Johnson in fact tells you that you are lost unless you have exactly Johnson's opinion of his subjects; Wallace happily has no opinion. A sensible person would avoid non-conformism like a hair shirt after reading these books. This would be the proper conclusion if he cared nothing for the truth, were still kidding and well past forty. If we all ever agree to kid one another, we will all infallibly go down together to our extinction. As against the splendid jokes reviewed here, this at last is no joke.

Rexroth: The Fact and the Fury

IN DEFENSE OF THE EARTH. By Kenneth Rexroth. New Directions. 93 pp. $3.

M. L. Rosenthal

Never
Give up this savage religion
For the blood-drenched civilized
Abstractions of the rascals
Who live by killing you and me.
A Sword in a Cloud of Light

KENNETH REXROTH is the strongest of the West Coast anarchist poets because he is a good deal more than a West Coast anarchist poet. He is a man of wide cultivation and, when he is not too busy shocking the bourgeois reader (who would like nothing better, except that he now wants his shocks in saturation-bombing dimensions—and preferably all shock and no meaning), a genuine poet. If fate had made Rexroth a Mormon or a Rhode Island Republican lawyer, he would still be able to write excellent poems.

Among the geographical and political transplantables of *In Defense of the Earth* are some remarkable pieces. First among them I would place "The Mirror in the Woods." The mirror of the title has hung in an abandoned summer house, then fallen to the floor. The speaker finds it and puts it up in his daughter's room. The succession of silent mirror images—"undersea shadows" of vegetation when it was on the wall, an occasional wood rat it reflected when it lay on the floor, and now the "ronds, escartes, relevés and arabesques" the girl performs—makes a concentrated and graduated series of impressions of the brighter and darker surfaces of life. What might be only whimsy in many writers becomes a beautifully ordered poetic conception.

Comparable are "Blood on a Dead World" and "Our Home Is in the Rocks." The former begins as personal reminiscence; the poet and his wife await the moon's eclipse with their four-year-old daughter, to whom they have tried to explain it. She, for her part, though she cannot understand the scientific interpretation, feels the mystery and the terror more immediately than they. "The earth's shadow is like blood," she says, and

"Is it all the blood on the earth
Makes the shadow that color?"

This "savage" relation to truth is what Rexroth advocates. "Our Home Is in the Rocks" is something of a reply to Richard Eberhart, to whom it is dedicated. Eberhart's poems of death are sometimes—witness the justly famous "The Groundhog"—all but overwrought in their anguish. Rexroth's treatment has a certain Anglo-Saxon hardness and melancholy realism that jibe readily with his secular rationalism. The poem argues wryly that we *can* be immortal—that is, "moderately" so. Its evidences?—the undecayed remains in Egyptian graveyards, the brave epitaph of a Spanish Civil War veteran, the dense luxuriance of physical life despite the stench of fresh death and the "faint effluvium of dry death" that are never far away. The two facts, of life and death, are continuous, as his description of a dying mountain beaver shows.

Like a number of the Japanese and other translations in this volume, these three poems are indeed poems of *fact* in all its irreversibility, that fact which the poet's preface calls "the only answer, the only meaning of present or presence." But Rexroth believes also that the poet must be a "prophet, in the Biblical sense," and not confine himself to the role of impersonal aesthete purportedly assigned him by the "corn belt metaphysicals and country gentlemen." I shall not quarrel with this way of putting things, or with Mr. Rexroth's repetitious way of pushing "professors" and "neo-conservatives" and, indeed, almost all intellectuals not in his particular boat all into one other boat, and that a shoddy, smelly one anchored in the Central Park lagoon.

HE CAN strike a hard blow and draw blood with it, all right, but too often the blows are swathed in overblown rhetoric or *mere* discursiveness (which is an altogether different kind from the classical discursiveness of Martial with which he compares his own work). Thus, "Thou Shalt Not Kill: A Memorial for Dylan Thomas" has a magnificently passionate and bitter beginning whose power carries over to, and is taken up by, the later *ubi sunt* stanzas which call the roll of the modern poets who have died, sickened, given up, been imprisoned, or gone mad; it carries over still further to the passages on the suicide of Hart Crane and the murder of the Bodenheims. Yet the poem as a whole is sacrificed to the self-indulgent pleasure

Stormy Reception

The lightning's broken fences fall
against the wires of the wind
and crackle where De Forest found
a way to trap the verbal skies.
Blue glimpses came into his mind
(though space barked like a rabid wolf),
the volume low, the treble high.
He boxed them neatly on a shelf
with room for angels, cooks, and spies.

The evening light is swift and sly,
embellishing the polished cage,
but sound is fickle, troubled by
the sudden burning of a wave
an inch away from hearth and home.
We listen to ourselves alone.

Above the crooner's soft lament,
preceding songs and psalms to cars,
the fruit that our first mother prized
swings like a bird upon the wind
and falls, tooth-marked and shrill,
across our silent, silent lives.

ADRIEN STOUTENBURG

M. L. ROSENTHAL, poetry editor of The Nation, *is now working on a book of modern poetry.*

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of the poet in love with his own oratory. Our Dylan (he shouts) is dead! Who killed him? The bosses killed him! The warmakers killed him! The crucifiers of Jesus killed him! The lawyers killed him! The U. N. killed him! The psychoanalysts, the publishers, *The Nation* and the *New Republic*, the scientists, *everybody*—Einstein, Eliot, Oppenheimer, Hemingway—everyone and everything but Kenneth Rexroth and Allen Ginsberg killed him! And then the critics and the professors "crawled off with his bowels to their classrooms and quarterlies."

So be it. We are all slain by this universal blunderbuss, and meanwhile the poet has accidentally killed his poem with its butt.

And yet, though I would have it *re*written, I would not have this poem *un*written, Like some of the others in this book—for instance "The Bad Old Days" and "For Eli Jacobson"—it has the pure, self-intoxicated revolutionary spirit of, say, the selections in Upton Sinclair's *The Cry for Justice*. In that anthology of social prophecy and recurrent moral anger at the "marks of weakness, marks of woe" which have been the lot of the oppressed through the centuries, we breathe the same headily self-righteous atmosphere of the "liberated" mind which Rexroth, the fearless mountain-climber and (at fifty-one) the hoary sage of the army of the untrammeled, has always about him. Of course, Sinclair's whole bent was toward organization and activism, and Rexroth has moved toward a mixture of personalism, quietism and individualistic prophetics.

Too, Rexroth gives us a number of touching and rather sentimental insights into his feelings for his wife and daughter, but muddies the picture somewhat through his "Bestiary" and "Mother Goose" pieces. Many of these, trying to be tough-minded and simple at the same time, achieve rather cheaply brutal effects; many are simply vacant where they would be amusing. Rigorous self-criticism is not one of this poet's virtues. For example, he entitles one of his pieces "They Say This Isn't a Poem" —and (to rephrase Catullus) it really *isn't* a poem; not a *good* poem, anyway. It says some things worth contemplating, it has a certain incantatory appeal and it contains a creed worth living by, but it seems to me as yet only a fine preliminary statement for a poem to come. Well, that is worth reading, too. Almost everything I have ever read by Rexroth has been worth reading, even when he was indulging himself, even when the piece was only half-finished, and even when he was being both wrong and wrongheaded. But the springs of his thought and style are still too clear, and the man himself is still too young, for even the most sympathetic reader to agree with him —simply to avoid an argument—that all criticism of his tendency to be loose and expansive is "parochial."

Theory and Therapy in Freud

MYTH AND GUILT. Theodor Reik. George Braziller, Inc. 432 pp. $5.75.

ART AND PSYCHOANALYSIS. Edited by William Phillips. Criterion Books. 552 pp. $8.50.

Herbert Marcuse

THE development of psychoanalytic theory after Freud shares certain features with the general positivistic trend of our era; it eliminates philosophy. Or it might be more appropriate to say that it eliminates metaphysics, speculations that are unverified and unverifiable in accordance with accepted scientific standards. With a few notable exceptions (such as Roheim, Rank, Reik) the orthodox as well as the revisionistic schools have waged a valiant and successful struggle against the Freudian metapsychology and metabiology, against the disturbing hypotheses and "exaggerations" of *Totem and Taboo, Beyond the Pleasure Principle, Moses and Monotheism.* This scientific purification is perhaps intended to adjust the theory to the requirements of therapy and technique, but the development has had another quite different effect. The hypotheses and exaggerations which are being eliminated are precisely those which oppose the smooth incorporation of psychoanalysis into the established system of culture and its smooth functioning as a socially rewarded activity. If taken seriously, the metaphysical ideas might suggest a critique of society incompatible not only with the therapeutic objectives of psychoanalysis but with the very notion of psychoanalysis. Because the "disease" to be cured would then be diagnosed as the history of mankind itself, and psychology would turn into social and political theory.

The two most disturbing of Freud's hypotheses are those of the Primal Crime and the Death Instinct. Theodor Reik's *Myth and Guilt* deals with the first. The subtitle, "The Crime and Punishment of Mankind," shows the extent of Reik's transgression beyond the framework of psychology as discipline and technique. Following Freud's idea that beneath all individual guilt feeling lies a common guilt of mankind and that this is derived from the prehistorical killing of the father-chief of the horde, Reik interprets the biblical story of the Fall and the crucifixion of Christ as mythological evidence of the Primal Crime. The "tree of knowledge," from which Adam eats the forbidden fruit, is identified with the "tree of life," and the tree is taken as the totem symbol of the god. Eating from the tree is thus eating the god. This interpretation requires the elimination of Eve and the serpent as belonging to a different mythological tradition. The tree-symbol then provides the link between the story of the Fall and the Passion of Christ. According to ancient stories, a beam from the "tree of life" was used for the cross on which Jesus was crucified. "One single story" unfolds in the Fall and in the Passion; the second Adam takes upon himself the crime of the first and the punishment for it. The crucifixion thus appears as the re-enactment and atonement for the crime.

REIK'S reinterpretation contains numerous other new elements. We mention only the idea that the linking of Adam's crime with sexuality is a "side-tracking" and concealment of the real nature of the crime. Its "primal meaning [the killing of God-Father] was such that it would necessarily have endangered and even annihilated the foundation of Jewish and Christian belief." The result of this "side-tracking" was an alleviation of unbearable guilt feeling. Mankind avoided admitting the "full gravity of the original deed" and salvation could be obtained.

Reik is concerned, not with history, but with mythical figures and events. If we accept his position, there remain two principal criteria for judging the validity of the interpretation: (1) is it compatible with the attained level and results of comparative mythology? and (2) does it shed new light on historical facts and trends? This reviewer is not competent to discuss the first question but would like to offer some suggestions as to the second.

The hypothesis of the primal crime

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may elucidate the problem of the origin and persistence of the domination of man by man, or in Hegel's terms, the dialectic of Master and Servant. These implications are not elaborated in Reik's book, but they are clearly indicated. Reik says:

> The first sinners—we include Christ also in this group because He himself, though sinless, took the original sin on his shoulders—have thus a double function within the myth and the following legend tradition. They are rebels against the highest gods, the fathers, whom they defy and whom they want to replace and they free mankind in teaching them all that is worth knowing or achieving.

In this double function, the biblical figures are linked to the great culture heroes of the pagan world, such as Prometheus, whose deed and punishment have a similar character. Liberation is a crime because it destroys the sanctified powers whose domination led man to the point where liberation becomes possible. It is a necessary and beneficial crime because without it progress in knowledge would be impossible. The "double function" continues to manifest itself in the ambivalent attitude towards domination—the killing of the Primal Father is followed by guilt feeling, atonement, and by his deification. It is not difficult to see traces of this subjective and objective ambivalence in the historical attempts at liberation, in their apparently unsurpassable limits, their defeats and in the restoration of domination at a "higher level."

But the application of his notions to history takes us beyond the scope of Reik's discussion. It remains within the framework of psychoanalytic mythology. Reik's book deserves high praise as one of the ever-rarer attempts to keep alive the great philosophical insights of Freudian theory and to counteract the decline of psychoanalytic theory into the anxiously guarded domain of technical specialists. It is at some places marred by the author's efforts to write in a humorous and collegiate vein, and to present his analysis in the style of a detective story, quoting Sherlock Holmes and others.

PERHAPS in no other field has psychoanalytic theory made so little progress as in the field of aesthetics. Here, the interrelation of the subjective and objective factor, the individual artist and the work of art, presents a most complex problem. It was only natural that psychoanalysis, like psychology, should have focused from the beginning on the subjective factor; only natural, therefore, that art was interpreted in terms of the artist. Whether this approach can adequately determine the specific presence of the "universal in the particular," which is the central problem of aesthetics, cannot be discussed here. In any case, it is a fact that the psychonalytic exploration of art has not really benefited (again with such notable exceptions as the early work of Otto Rank and Marie Bonaparte) from the great achievement of Freudian theory—the establishment of the unity of individual and group psychology. Freud's work revealed the extent to which the particular fate of the individual *is* the universal fate of mankind. In the realm of art, the relation between the universal and the particular fate manifests itself in a unique and yet representative form. Moreover, the history of art offers numerous examples which corroborate and clarify Freud's theory of the dynamic of the primary drives, Eros and Death Instinct, as socio-biological forces. It can hardly be said that the psychoanalysis of art has made a serious effort to elaborate these ideas.

In the anthology, *Art and Psychoanalysis*, William Phillips has collected twenty-seven representative articles: one ("Dostoevsky and Parricide") by Freud himself; the bulk by psychoanalysts of the orthodox as well as revisionist camp (Franz Alexander, Marie Bonaparte, Erich Fromm, Ernest Jones, Ernst Kris, Otto Rank, Theodore Reik, Géza Roheim, Fritz Wittels and others); and some contributions by non-psychoanalysts, notably Thomas Mann's essay, "Freud and the Future." Of the three sections—studies on single works of art and artists, theoretical essays and literary pieces—the theoretical section is the smallest. In point of fact it is difficult to decide which contributions are the theoretical ones. The section on single works of art and artists includes some technically excellent papers; others, of laborious irrelevance, are little more than a catalogue of the unconscious or subconsious affects, wishes, attitudes, etc. expressed (or implied) in the work of art.

It is no real wonder that the article which really raises the problem of

The News Photo

This idiot had suffered his own faults,
but since it was this country
and he had done a thing beyond himself,
by the axe, and since it was an act
that could be called public,
in the interest of the public to be known,
he was to be shown in this act,
in its way instructive: they had been his parents
and he had tried not to,
shouting at them to beware, as they slept;
he had wept, and since in this manner
he had cleansed himself,
he could grin for his picture.

DAVID IGNATOW

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"psychoanalysis and art" is the one contributed by the artist—Thomas Mann's essay. The problem is succinctly stated in William Phillips' introduction; "how a view of the world that has been warped, if only partially, by neurosis can be said to be truthful, objective or morally stimulating." However, in his brief discussion of the problem, the "objective" element of art, its truth value, is immediately associated with the "pressure, from many different sources, to enlist the arts in the service of some higher aim or some larger truth." This phrasing evades whether such "pressure" is not that of art itself, its inner life and development; whether the artistic "neurosis" or "messianic madness" is not a specific historical mode of reason. That the notions of art as neurosis and art as truth are not simply (as Phillips states) two "myths" would have become clear if the volume had included more "literary pieces." This reviewer is thinking mainly of the manifestoes of surrealism, the writings of Walter Benjamin, Gaston Bachelard, George Bataille, Henri Michaux, Paul Valéry. What about a second volume collecting the testimony of the artists?

JAZZ SCHOOL

John S. Wilson

SLIGHTLY more than forty years ago, Freddie Keppard, a cornetist who might have become one of the more luminous legends of jazz if he hadn't been so pigheaded, rejected an opportunity to make what would have been the first jazz recording. He complained that other cornetists might steal his "stuff" if he put it on a record.

Twenty years ago, jazz musicians were less suspicious but scarcely less illuminating about their art. When the question, "What is jazz?" was put to Fats Waller (or possibly Louis Armstrong—variations of the riposte have been attributed to both), he replied, "If you have to ask what it is, you'll never know."

Today, however, John Lewis, a pianist and leader of the Modern Jazz Quartet, who holds a position in current jazz comparable to that of Keppard in pre-World War I jazz or to Armstrong or Waller in the thirties, can announce with pride after teaching a short, concentrated course for fledgling jazz musicians, "We have broken down this mysterious mystique business about jazz. It's just a matter of working hard."

The breaking down process took place in August at the first session of the School of Jazz, a three-week course given on the grounds of the Music Inn in Lenox, Mass., near Tanglewood. The mere fact that there should be such a thing as a School of Jazz suggests that something has changed since the music first burst out of Tin Type Hall and the deadfalls of Storyville in New Orleans or as it flared and spluttered through its later stages in Chicago, Kansas City and New York.

That music was created in the heat of inspiration by musicians who, as often as not, could create in no other way. It was something that either came naturally or not at all. The idea of deliberately trying to teach anyone to produce something like Louis Armstrong's solo on "Potato Head Blues" or Dizzy Gillespie's on "Groovin' High," to have the inventive conceptions of Jelly Roll Morton, Duke Ellington or Charlie Parker was, on the face of it, ridiculous.

What could possibly be taught at a school of jazz?

As it turned out, there was plenty to be taught—so much that students at Lenox were turning up for just one more lesson a day after the course had been completed; so much that, as one young saxophonist put it, "I'll be working over things I've been told here for the next year or two."

The idea for the school grew out of a series of round table discussions held at Music Inn a year ago at which jazz musicians of all stripes—Dixieland, swing, bop, conservative modern and far out modern—sat down together to talk out their problems as jazzmen. In the past decade there has been practically no communication between these splinter areas of jazz. Dixielanders automatically bared their fangs if bop was mentioned, while no self-respecting member of the modern clique could be shaken from the conviction that Charlie Parker invented jazz. But the musicians gathered at Music Inn found that they were really all of a piece, that there was continuity from the deepest roots of jazz to its farthest extensions.

This was exemplified when, at a late-hour jam session, two clarinetists—the West Coast modernist, Jimmy Giuffre, and the Chicago traditionalist, Pee Wee Russell—were urged to play together. Russell was extremely reluctant.

"How do I know what he'll do?" he asked dubiously.

It was suggested that they go to work on that most basic of jazz sources, the blues. After three or four choruses of feeling each other out and finding, to their mutual amazement, that they spoke the same language, albeit with different accents, they settled back and stimulated each other to what, in the view of those who heard it, was one of the great moments of jazz improvisation.

THESE meetings proved so exciting that it was decided to extend and continue them in the form of an annual three-week school at which this same broad viewpoint and pool of knowledge could be passed on to younger musicians. The school was organized with John Lewis as executive director and a faculty designed to bug the eyes of any young jazz enthusiast—Gillespie, Giuffre, Oscar Peterson, Max Roach, Milt Jackson, Ray Brown, Herb Ellis, Marshall Stearns and Bill Russo.

Now came the crucial question. What was this faculty to teach? For jazz historian Stearns there was a specific, specialized job—filling in the background with a course on the history of jazz. But for the performing musicians on the faculty there was no such clear path.

Lewis determined to make this a school of jazz techniques and performance in which the teaching techniques would be drawn from jazz itself rather than from the conservatory. (There are music schools which offer courses in jazz, some taught by well-known jazzmen, but in almost all cases the traditional conservatory approach is used.)

The ultimate goal of the school, according to Lewis, is the achievement of the thing that has lain at the heart of jazz from the very start—making possible an improvised performance. Several of the things which contribute to such improvisation can be taught, and around these Lewis built his curriculum:

(1) Reading in jazz terms, a very different matter from simply reading written notation.

(2) The use of what Lewis calls "the most economical means" of overcoming some of the problems of playing together in small and large jazz groups, primarily the problem of subordinating oneself to the whole without suppressing one's own personality.

(3) An understanding of composition. "Unlike the traditional European musician," Lewis points out, "a jazz musician is not simply an interpreter of a part. . . .

JOHN S. WILSON reviews jazz for The New York Times *and* High Fidelity.

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He is as much a composer as the man who wrote the tune he is playing."

Obviously this was no elementary course, so capability on an instrument was a prerequisite for the twenty-six performing students who attended the first session this summer. Ten non-playing students—auditors—were also admitted and, as it turned out, all of them were competent on an instrument.

They dove into a daily schedule in which mornings were devoted to rehearsals by five small ensembles (instructed by Brown, Peterson, Roach, Gillespie and Giuffre) and by an all-inclusive big band conducted by Russo. Afternoons were taken up by Russo's course in composition and arranging, Stearns's history course and private lessons given by all members of the faculty. After dinner there were lectures on specialized subjects by visiting authorities—on the problems of jazz recording, jazz in television, the music of Africa, management and booking of jazz, the impact of personalities on jazz, the place of jazz in American culture, functions of the critic in jazz. On three occasions the lectures were replaced by concerts by Mahalia Jackson, Wilbur De Paris and the Oscar Peterson Trio, abetted by Gillespie and Roach.

Officially, the student's day began at 9 a.m. and ended at approximately 11 p.m. But his day was far from done by then for the lectures and concerts were invariably followed by jam sessions and by bull sessions at Wheatleigh, the one-time summer home of the Countess de Heredia, where students and faculty lived and worked together.

ALL this was as new an experience for the faculty as it was for the students. Lewis had improvised an overall approach to teaching jazz, and the practicing jazzmen had to improvise means of carrying it out. The methods they adopted were as varied as their personalities. Oscar Peterson, a meticulous, systematic pianist whose technical prowess is almost unmatched in jazz, was fulfilling a long-time hankering to teach. He kept a detailed, lesson-by-lesson file on each of his students.

"Within twelve bars," one of his awed students reported, "Peterson could find out what you wanted to play and could understand your conception. Then he sat down at the piano and played your way and for the first time in your life you actually heard what you wanted to be. This sort of thing scares you."

Peterson approached his small ensemble with the same emphasis on detail, spending most of four three-hour sessions on the subject of the D flat blues. In bassist Ray Brown's ensemble, on the other hand, the concentration was on individual improvisation and, as one of his students put it, "knowing what you're doing."

To some of the members of his group, Dizzy Gillespie, the brilliant trumpeter who was once the clown prince of bop, seemed at first to have no system at all.

"We just blew and had a ball," one of them said. "Then, after a while, he began to stop us to set something right over here, something else over there. It was trial and error. When you were through, you realized that he made sense without being academic."

In the early days of the course, some of the students were glassy-eyed with hero worship. At the same time, the members of the faculty tended to huddle together in an aloof clique. But with the bull sessions, the jam sessions and the informality of living and working together in one building, these barriers crumbled. The students came to know the resident jazz stars as approachable human beings; the teachers became so engrossed in the progress of their charges that by the time of the faculty-student concert they were clucking nervously around the edges of the band platform.

There were no featured soloists at this graduation concert. There were, of course, brief solo passages in the performances by the five small groups and the big band, but there was none of the extended virtuoso "blowing" that is the common coin of much present-day jazz. This was as it should be for, as Lewis had pointed out, the purpose of the school was not to produce virtuoso improvisers but to make sound improvisation possible.

Both in theory and in the experience of the first three-week course of the School of Jazz, this would seem to be the only valid approach to "teaching jazz." The nub of the problem is that, whereas jazz itself cannot be taught, an approach to jazz can be. Presupposing some feeling for the music on the part of the student, whatever talent he has can be molded and given direction. But each jazz musician has to fly on his own wings today just as he did fifty years ago in New Orleans. A tightly organized three-week course in the Berkshire hills may not give a youngster quite the same running start for his flight that he might have obtained from months of "sitting in" at the Lincoln Garden in Chicago or at Minton's in Harlem, but in these days of restrictive union regulations and limited possibilities for personal contact, it is a form of balanced, horizon-widening stimulation that is badly needed.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

GLEAMING white in the Hollywood sun sprawls a gigantic reminder of the early hopes and dreams for television. Covering some eleven acres—next to the Farmers' Market and a ball field—is CBS's Television City, completed in 1952. Within its streamlined walls are complete facilities for the production of live TV shows—all under one huge roof. When it was built, CBS hoped to eliminate, on the West Coast, the tribulations that plague them in New York where facilities for set-building, rehearsal, costuming and studios are scattered

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all over the city. Television City has everything: four huge studios with movable walls, audience bleachers and dressing rooms on wheels. There are carpentry shops, paint shops, curtain rooms for the sets, a costume department, prop shops, make-up rooms, even a school room for the child stars. Technical operations are on a grand scale; 2 million watts (enough to light up 275 night ball games) flood the studios over 530 miles of electric wire. And in second-floor offices, executives make and take 4,000 phone calls a day, get 25,000 pieces of mail, keep eighteen janitors (to whom they give the elegant title of "sanitation engineers") busy emptying waste baskets.

But the great dream for Television City seems to have turned into a permanent cat-nap. When I walked through the halls of this colossus a few weeks ago, there was a muted feeling, an almost eerie peace in its air-cooled perfection. Here and there a painter touched up a set, a blue-uniformed page delivered a message or laconically answered the phone, but the atmosphere was not exciting. Even the long line of visitors, clutching wilted tickets to the Bob Crosby Show, stood as silently as a placid herd of cows. Geared to turn out twenty-eight half hour shows a week, it is being used to about a quarter of capacity; of the sixty-five hours per week of live programming which CBS claims for the upcoming season, only a few—*Playhouse 90, Climax, Art Linkletter, Red Skelton* and perhaps some others—will come from this West Coast factory.

BUT out on the Hollywood plains, down in the valley, in dusty Culver City—wherever you find the movie studios—things are mighty different. *Filmed series—the dependable, saleable* backbone of TV programming—are being stashed away "in the can" as fast as possible. In one of the strangest paradoxes of this paradoxical industry, TV has become the new patron of the movie lot, renting every inch of available working space and thus putting money in the bank of their one-time competitors.

Old-time motion picture pros resent finding themselves in this poor-relation orbit with the brash newcomer. A gatekeeper at one of the studios I visited—where three CBS film series were in production—scorned our network guide's credentials. "You'll have to do better than that to get in here." Only high-level interference from a desk at Television City opened the way. In preparation are some twenty hours of film shows which CBS admits to for the fall season. The familiar Western street scene—complete with hotel, corner saloon and hitching post—was pressed back into service for *Gun Smoke*, and *Have Gun, Will Travel*, CBS's new adult Westerns. On another lot, the kids of *Leave It To Beaver* were going over and over the action of a one-minute school room scene. This show requires two days rehearsal and three days shooting for each half-hour installment, a typical schedule for TV films. It is a much faster process than either a movie or a live TV show.

WATCHING the two principals of an Alfred Hitchcock thriller backed up against a tiny set of a farmhouse kitchen (it couldn't have been more than four feet wide) while the camera ground inches away from their faces, I discovered the reason for my long-time aversion to TV filmed shows. The one-camera technique, borrowed from the movies, limits the movement of actors to the mobility of one machine. Live TV uses two or three cameras simultaneously, each shooting from different angles. The director chooses which shot will appear on your screen, switches from one to the other with ease while the action is in progress. Thus the viewer may see a conversation between two people from a distance, from a close-up of one face or the other, all while the scene is being played out. In a film show, or a movie, this would involve shooting the same scene three times to allow the camera to shift positions. TV films cannot afford the luxury employed by expensive movies; the result is a flatness which has little of interest to offer the viewer.

Although most viewers enjoy watching old movies on their home screens, shows filmed for TV often bore them. Few people can tell you why they have this vague restlessness, but it is a widespread reaction. It has not gone unnoticed in the industry. The Desilu Motion Picture Center, for example, is attempting to use the multi-camera TV technique for all filmed shows. The rash of Westerns which will have TV sets jumping with cowboys and Indians this fall shows signs of fading away into the sunset as producers attempt to recapture the interest and attention of viewers. It is not clear whether the answer will be a new kind of film, or more live programs, or a combination of both. The viewer's dissatisfaction is the determining factor. His postcard carries more weight in the television business than a lawyer's brief in court; certainly it gets faster action.

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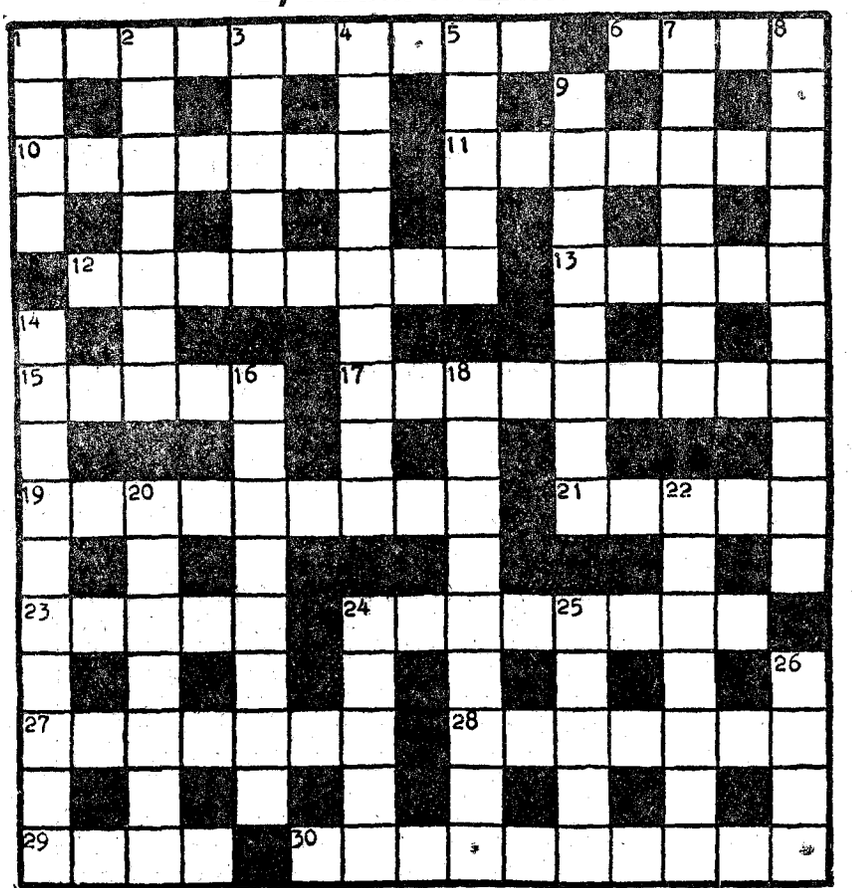
Crossword Puzzle No. 739

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One of those you shouldn't trust in Paris? (Although it might keep a gal on her toes!) (6, 4)
6 and 24 down What might check the record? Wait and see! (9)
10 Obviously a rather tidy attendant. (7)
11 It should be easy to see through his work—he loses his head and becomes even less industrious! (7)
12 Should be marked with degrees in any case! (8)
13 The evidence may be good if you do, but not necessarily sufficient. (5)
15 See 1 down
17 Reasonably proficient at digging up the dirt. (9)
19 10 Downing Street and 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, or what might be delivered there. (9)
21 But a flier isn't shot down by one, usually! (5)
23 It might be necessary to take up slack around the middle. (5)
24 Lumbering might not be an exact example, as such things are usually made in turn. (8)
27 Title spelled by the legal profession with one "t". (7)
28 Propeller holder, perhaps. (7)
29 Marks might be simple with this first. (4)
30 Objected to what's altered about the wrong measure of cloth? (10)

DOWN:

1, 15 across and 25 down Not comparatively well-directed. (4, 3, 2, 5)
2 3 down always does. (7)
3 What can't be this is supposed to be 2 down. (5)
4 They're supposed to be more proficient in sunshine, and are sometimes hung on contestants. (9)
5 Bird possibly associated with the seal. (5)
7 Speaker connected with baseball, etc., when wrong, shows how to take a few cuts. (7)
8 Deadly combination when a good score is not experienced. (5, 5)
9 Quite the reverse of 16 as a projection of bad feeling. (8)
14 One can get such things to make Bob late in a peculiar situation. (10)
16 Does it imply too much suspense if one does? (8)
18 Those who individually take part, alternatively use unction to provide a remedy. (6, 3)
20 It's the odd star that shouldn't seem very bright! (7)
22 How far a horse might be expected to go and hide for an extended period? (7)
24 See 6 across
25 See 1 down
26 You might on the bottom of 18, like a runner. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 738

Across: 1 DETONATE; 5 SPIRIT; 10 ESTHETE; 11 INSIPID; 12 LILAC; 14 IDEAS; 16 EUROPEAN; 19 CONSTANT; 22 ROTOR; 24 NEGOTIATE; 26 UMBER; 28 TITRATE; 29 ASTRICT; 30 ENDING; 31 ATTENDED. Down: 1 DEEP-LAID; 2 and 13 TOTAL ABSTAINERS; 3 NO EXCUSES; 4, 21, 23 and 27 THE LAME, THE HALT, AND THE BLIND; 6 PASHA; 7 REPENTANT; 8 TUDORS; 9 KISSER; 15 ELONGATED; 17 PIROUETTE; 18 PRORATED; 20 AWAKEN; 25 TRAIN.

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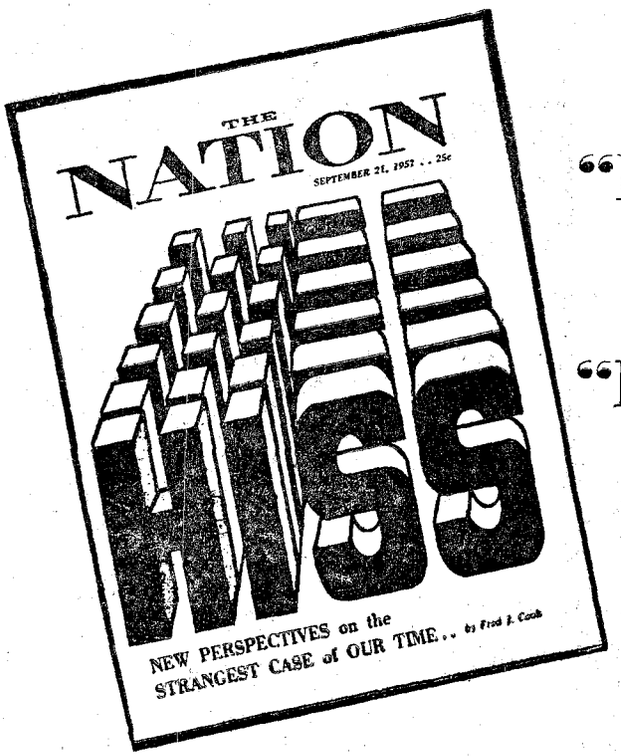

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Dear Sirs: The ultimate resolution of the Hiss case must await the inauguration of a President with the courage to appoint an Attorney General who will direct the FBI to reinvestigate the evidence and, even more important, to investigate its own files and conduct. Until then, there is no hope for following up the many provocative leads suggested by Fred J. Cook's remarkable study in your September 21 issue. What really is the fact about the Eastman film on which the Pumpkin Papers were microfilmed? What are the real facts of the metallurgic structure of the typewriter? Physical evidence leaves tracks. It remains there in the Hiss case waiting for its secrets to be unlocked . . .

Until this is fully done—and it seems an easy thing to do—a lot of us will continue to be troubled about the state of the administration of justice in the United States.

ROBERT W. KENNY
Former Attorney General, State of California

Dear Sirs: Mr. Cook's analysis of the Hiss case is a remarkably fine piece of work. He pulls together the innumerable pieces of the story, unfolded to the public over a period of many years, in a sharply written and relatively brief account. In making available this estimate of the most baffling case of our time, Mr. Cook and *The Nation* have done the American public a great service.

I do not see how anyone can read Mr. Cook's analysis and not feel the gravest doubt that justice has been done. More than that, it is clear that the American conscience cannot leave the matter where it now stands. The lawyers for Mr. Hiss were not able to explore fully new avenues of information, in large part because they were blocked by the government itself. This is a national scandal . . .

The courts have refused to reopen the formal case, but there remains one avenue of official inquiry—the legislative investigating committee . . . Such a check by the legislature on what amounts to a prima facie case of abuse of executive power would be in the classical tradition of our constitutional system.

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